

Four Feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand,  
I neuer hated thee: I haue scene thee fight,  
When I haue enuid thy behauiour.

*Enob.* Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,  
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,  
As I haue said you did.

*Pom.* Inioy thy plainnesse,  
It nothing ill becomes thee:  
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.  
Will you leade Lords?

*All.* Shew's the way, sir.

*Pom.* Come. *Exeunt. Manet Enob. & Menas*  
*Men.* Thy Father Pompey would ne're haue made this  
Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.

*Enob.* At Sea, I thinke.

*Men.* We haue Sir.

*Enob.* You haue done well by water.

*Men.* And you by Land.

*Enob.* I will praise any man that will praise me, though  
it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

*Men.* Nor what I haue done by water.

*Enob.* Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne  
safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

*Men.* And you by Land.

*Enob.* There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee  
your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they  
might take two Theeues kissing.

*Men.* All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands  
are.

*Enob.* But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true  
Face.

*Men.* No slander, they steale hearts.

*Enob.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am forry it is turn'd to a Drink-  
ing. Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

*Enob.* If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

*Men.* Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for Marke An-  
thony heere, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Enob.* Casars Sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Enob.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye sir.

*Enob.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Casar and he, for euer knit together.

*Enob.* If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold  
not Prophecie so.

*Men.* I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more  
in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

*Enob.* I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band  
that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the  
very strangler of their Amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold,  
and still conversation.

*Men.* Who wold not haue his wife so?

*Enob.* Not he that himselfe is not so: which is Marke  
Anthony: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall  
the sighes of Octavia blow the fire vp in Casar, and (as I  
said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,  
shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. An-  
thony will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but  
his occasion heere.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?  
I haue a health for you.

*Enob.* I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in  
Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away.

*Exeunt.*

*Musicke playes.*

*Enter two or three Seruants with a Banquet.*

1 Heere they'l be man: some o'th' their Plants are ill  
rooted already, the least winde i'th' world will blow them  
downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee  
cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and  
himselfe to'th' drinke.

1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his  
discretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fel-  
lowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no  
seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be scene  
to moue i't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which  
pittifully disaister the cheekes.

*A Sennet sounded.*

*Enter Casar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Menas,  
Enobarbus, Menes, with other Capitaines.*

*Ant.* Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile  
By certaine scales i'th' Pyramid: they know  
By'th' height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth  
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seediman  
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,  
And shortly comes to Haruest.

*Lep.* Y'haue strange Serpents there?

*Anth.* I *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud  
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be:  
But Ile ne're out.

*Enob.* Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in  
till then.

*Lep.* Nay certainly, I haue heard the Ptolemies Pyra-  
mids are very goodly things: without contradiction I  
haue heard that.

*Menas.* Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* Say in mine eare, what is't.

*Men.* Forake thy seate I do beseech thee Capitaine,  
And heare me speake a word.

*Pom.* Forbare me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*  
This Wine for *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it  
hath bredth: It is iust so high as it is, and mooues with it  
owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and  
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of it owne colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange Serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

*Cas.* Will this description satisfie him?

*Ant.* With the Health that Pompey giues him, else he  
is a very Epicure.

*Pom.* Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:  
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,

*Rise*

Rise from thy stoole.

*Pom.* I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

*Men.* I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's  
else to say? Be iolly Lords.

*Anth.* These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,

keepe off, them for you linke.

*Men.* Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What saist thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me  
poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunke well.

*Men.* No Pompey, I haue kept me from the cup,  
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:

What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

*Pom.* Shew me which way?

*Men.* These three World-sharers, these Competitors  
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,  
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:

All there is thing.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,  
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,  
In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:

Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,  
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnkowne,  
I should haue found it afterwards well done,  
But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

*Men.* For this, Ile neuer follow

Thy paul'd Fortunes more,  
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall neuer finde it more.

*Pom.* This health to *Lepidus*.

*Ant.* Beare him ashore,

Ile pledge it for him Pompey.

*Eno.* Heere's to thee *Menas*.

*Men.* *Enobarbus*, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* A beares the third part of the world man: seest  
not?

*Men.* The third part, then he is drunk: would it were  
all, that it might go on wheeles.

*Eno.* Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it: strike the Vessells hoa,  
Heere's to Casar.

*Cas.* I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour  
when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

*Ant.* Be a Child o'th' time.

*Cas.* Possesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather  
fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke to much in one.

*Enob.* Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now  
the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

*Pom.* Let's ha't good Souldier.

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands,  
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands:

Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,

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